

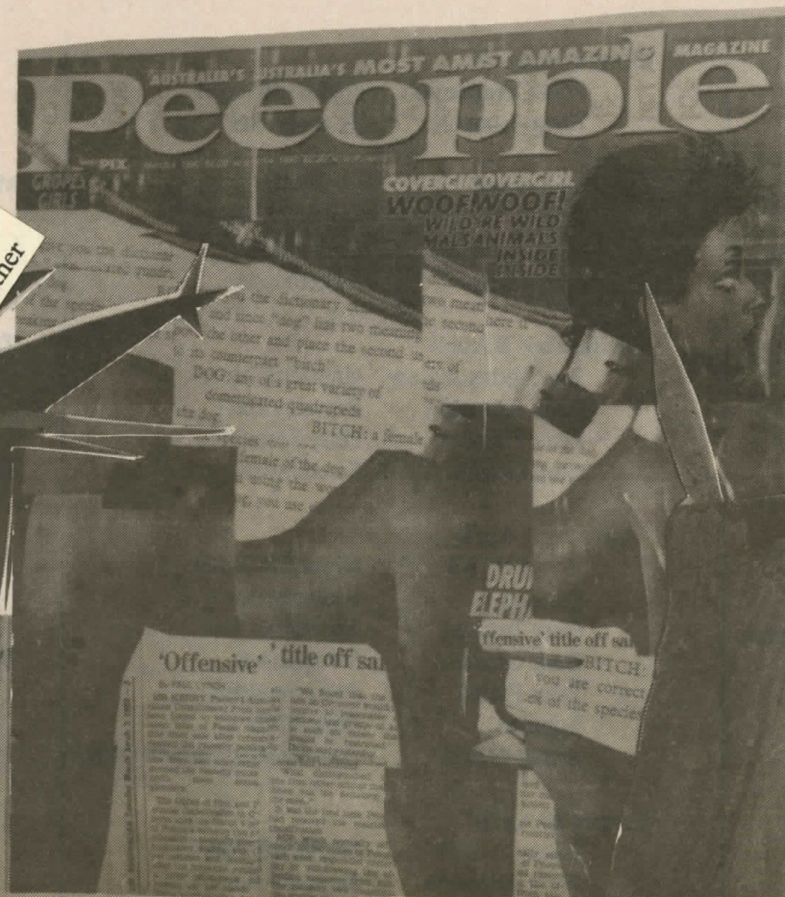
# THE DOG SHOW

A few of the strange exhibits at  
24 hour Arts' Dog Show  
photographed by Scott Mollan

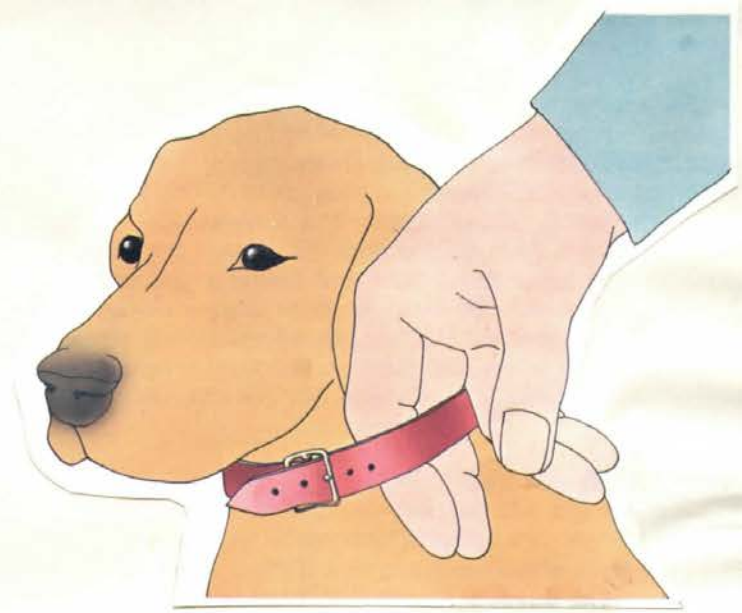
Following I will give you the dictionary definitions of two words, "dog" and "bitch," and since "dog" has two meanings I will place one meaning above the other and place the second usage where it belongs—next to its counterpart "bitch":

**DOG:** a male of the dog.  
When speaking of the species you are correct in using the word "dog." When speaking of the sex of the species dog, you use either

the dictionary  
the other and place the second usage of  
the counterpart "bitch".  
DOG: any of a great variety of  
domesticated quadrupeds  
BITCH: a female of the dog.  
When speaking of the sex of the species dog, you use either








MONDO CANE

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# MONDO CANE

:A SHAGGY DOG STORY



That night his DOG star GROWLED at him-forces were unLEASHed, he felt HOT UNDER THE COLLAR. It had been a DOG of a week, a DOG of a life he suspected...

All the BARK had gone out of him and his BITE was even worse. Had there been a stick he would have fetched it; surely a LEAD would be offered . But none was forthcoming.

Being COLLARED and REGISTERED was tolerable compared to this. A CHOKER CHAIN was a different matter-but no-one surely was mooting that -were they? He was ready for the DOG house alright, but he didn't have a KENNEL , a MASTER or a BITCH to call his own.

He was DOG tired, frayed and DOG eared like an old book chewed over for too long. The meaning had gone out of his life and what was it anyway- chasing cars? No more than a DOG's life on a good day.

He wasn't anyone's BEST FRIEND, not even their PAL and certainly not their CHUM. He was lonlier than a DINGO in Darwin. He might as well have been RABID- a mad DOG. He was a PARIAH, shunned by all.

OBEDIENCE meant nothing- FETCHing, HEELing and SITting . What had it all been for? He would have lain down with FLEAS, hung around for kicks like a Camp DOG. He felt DOGgy but it seemed his DOGginess had deserted him. He was only good for DOGmeat and the DOGgy Bag.

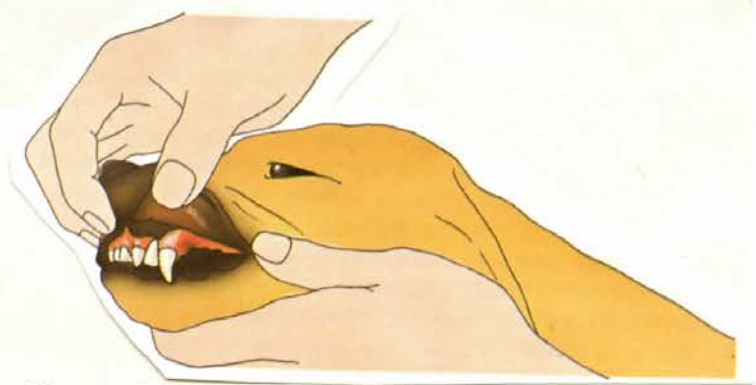
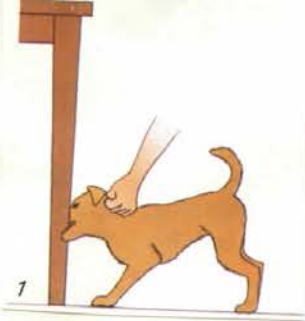
Had he BARKed up the wrong tree for too long? WAGged his tail once too often? Strained at the LEASH unreasonably? Sat on too many laps? The wrong laps- perhaps? Been chasing the wrong cars all the time and never been told? Chewed too many slippers? LIFTED HIS LEG in the wrong places? Lifted the wrong leg in the right place? Who knows?

Fetches the NT NEWS?

He should have stuck to sticks, like Mortein, when you're on a good thing...

He wondered....

And then it came to him he'd just been a simple RUNNING DOG and swallowed so much pulverised pap, he'd lost the scent for real MEAT .



Perhaps his DOGstar was really out of alignment. Bitter the hand that had fed him. He must have bitten it once, absentmindedly, it could happen to anyone, but he knew now it shouldn't happen to a DOG.



If only someone would say "GOOD DOG- My DOG" to him.

He must have woken up the other DOGs-the sleeping DOGs who'd have preferred the lies, the deceits. He'd never meant to blow the Whistle-on anything. It had just turned out that way.

In his defence, he'd whimpered, cowered, yelped but now he wondered, Had he BEGGED- really begged -Got up on his HIND legs and danced to their tune? Obviously not. Had there been a crucial moment, a turning point when he had not recognised his MASTER? Forgotten to LICK the hand that stroked him?

He knew once, back then, he had been stroked, PETTED not infrequently. In the beginning it had been alright-halcyon by comparison, but he guessed it must have just been PUPPY love.

Was their blood on his nose, mud on his paws, sand in his coat, fleas in his ears? Had he, he of all his species, BIITTEN off more than he could CHEW?

Was he really a MONGREL-a DOG afterall?

Recriminations came bounding in on him-he should have worked harder, mounted the right ones, earnt a PEDIGREE. What he'd done on their shagpile, he should have done in their pockets??? The questions YAPPED at his brain.

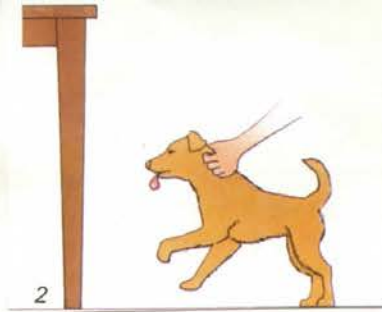
If only he had not SPOTTED the DOG and run with the pack. Better to be a LONE DOG in the long run it pays off. He wasn't LOADED, he'd COME HOME- he'd even left it to Beaver....

He wasn't as stupid as GOOFY, and he certainly was smarter than any sheep and the sheepDOG for that matter. He was as loyal as FIDO, as adventurous as ROVER and as rich as PLUTO and as obvious as SPOT, as white as SNOWY and every point as stylish as ASTOR.....

So what had gone wrong?

It came to him in a bound of insight -He had dared to compare himself to a KELPIE. That was the hubris, that was what was pursuing him to HADES.





Granted, he had always been a cunning DOG who hung onto the bone once he'd sunk his fangs in. He wouldn't let go- he was DOGmatic, but wasn't that what he was trained for?? The reiteration of DOGma until DOgerel was inevitable, as inevitable as a DOG chasing a cat..

"In my next life I'll be a little Swedish boy of advanced sexual proclivities", he thought- "I'll SIT ON THE TUCKERBOX anywhere, befriend a snotty nosed BOY, worm my way into the little tyke's favour -become his BEST FRIEND. Deny my own nature, perjure my breeding-sell my soul- for a mess of DOG-Os. Do I have a soul? Or was I been spiritually VIVISECTED when they SPAYED me?

I'll even wind up your gramophone, recognise MY MASTER'S VOICE. Wear a hat, a blue sash, do a jig- SING FOR MY SUPPER.

I will SIT ON THE MAT, I won't SWALLOW THE MOP, I will STOP WORRYING THE CAT -I will, I will just give me a break. I can LEARN NEW TRICKS- it's not too late- Teach me!"

Alright so I have been more a ROVER than a FIDO, more a PLUTO than a GOOFY, but I don't have to be TOP DOG. I can be a run of the mill, rank and file DOG. Any spot in the DOG box'll do. I'll COWTOW to FAT CATS.

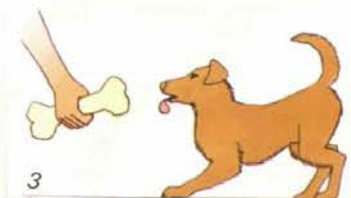
Just stop HOUNDing me!!

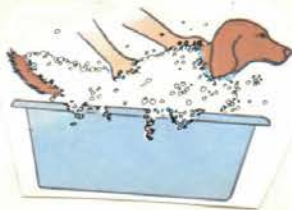
DON'T KICK THE DOG! They Shoot horses don't they . Don't kick the DOG -It's not my fault"-he howled at the moon. "I'll even go into space, alright it's been done before, and there was even a movie but....

I'll wear a DOG collar, preach to the converted, worry the Opposition, snap at their heels, guard my little flock , carry the strays to safety in my teeth without harming a hair on their heads and never ever drink the Brandy. I'll develop the insight of a SEEING EYE DOG. The stench of a SNIFFER DOG. Anything! TRUST me!" he whelped

"I'll stop sneering at Fred MacMurray, give up doing impressions of Humphrey Bogart. I'll never compare myself to Richard Nixon again, and I'll put myself in CHECKER'S place, at his feet- I promise. I haven't had my DOGday yet, barely an Afternoon."

But in the next moment he thought he'd allowed himself to be MUZZLED for too long. They'd only done it because he YAPPED. He reflected on the irony that if he'd LAIN DOGGO, he would have been a horse of a different colour and they'd never have known.





Now he could CHASE HIS TAIL till the cows came home, but in their eyes he was a dark horse , a sly fox. They were very unforgiving -memories like elephants, and the factions multiplied like rabbits.

He felt like something the cat had dragged in, a drowned rat; and looked like a DOG's breakfast .  
He seen the sign- the DOGnifier,  
"NO DOGS ALLOWED" and he knew it was meant for him, it unfairly BARKed at him -he was the DOGniffee.

It was a DOGrealist nightmare, an insurmountable barrier- a DOG-LEG FENCE. It might as well have been THE DINGO FENCE!

He'd been a TRAMP but he still knew a LADY when he saw one. The mere thought of the injustice- he could get SAVAGE, DRIBBLE, SLOBBER become a real BULLDOG...

One wrong move, one PAW out of place and you're TAGGED for life. He'd never live it down.  
But where else was there to go? You can't run forever.

He'd only been doing his job, but it seemed now he must have taken the BAIT, it might as well have been STRYCHNINE or 1080 because the life was slowly TROTTING out of him. He was as thin as a WHIPPET, as pathetic as a SPANIEL, as irrelevant as a POODLE, and as trusted as a PIT BULL TERRIER

He even felt MANGEY, he felt like the DOG IN THE MANGER, but was that just an attitude problem?

A PAW out of Place, a too insistent BARK and you're TAGGED for life.

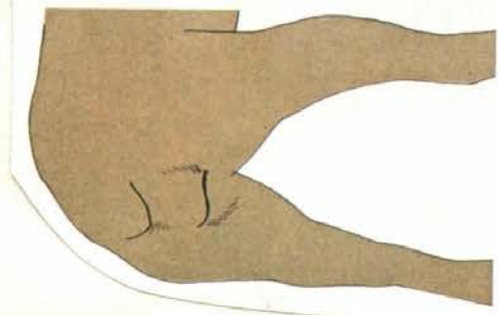
KERR'S CUR- He'd never live it down.

He was a LOST DOG, an ABANDONNED DOG tossed on the scrapheap of history . They'd thrown him the occasional BONE but never anything REALLY MEATY. History was pitted against him -even the day -How could you forget it? Ned Kelly was hung- died like a DOG too, the end of one war and the beginning of his exile -they'd shot them down like DOGS too. The donkey got all the credit.

If Jack hadn't built the house, he might not have chased the cat and the whole DOGGone cycle would never have begun, but you can't shut the gate when the horse has bolted .

Can a DOG have regrets -he thought not. Did God have a DOG? He turned the proposition over, was God a DOG afterall?





If he'd been the DROVER'S DOG, he might have won the election -, saved the day and gone down as a GREAT DANE of History (metaphorically speaking). But there you are LIFT YOUR LEG too high and see where it gets you .

THE MORAL: It is better to be a cross-bred BLUE HEELER than Silvertail's LAPDOG - in the long run.

But then it depends on the LENGTH OF THE CHAIN.

.....

He'd gotten to the point, and where was the rub, the friendly PAT that sent him on his way. It was a DOG's LIFE but you wouldn't wish it on one, you WOULDN'T DO IT TO A DOG.

Now in his prime he should be LAPPING up LA DOLCA VITA , but it was MONDO CANE all over again. He'd emigrate. This country has GONE TO THE DOGS anyway. No-one respects OLD DOGS anymore, look what had happened to Hawke. What did LOYALTY to his BREED matter now?

He was too old to pull a DOG SLED, anyway they were resettling them in Australia- to pull Tourists. He was still fit, just a bit HUSKY in the upper registers. Asia was unthinkable. Spain -he'd go to Spain- CHIEN ANDALOU, or Venice and become a DOGe, live in a waterfront palace....He resumed the thread, the warp and the WOOF of it all.

He SAT UP -You CAN'T KEEP AN OLD DOG DOWN FOR LONG. Unless you PUT HIM DOWN. And they were too sentimental for that. They wouldn't WISH IT ON A DOG.

by FIDOR DOGGYEVSKY

